That you haue ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh feare not man, weele tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once Europa did at luſtie Ioue,
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Bene. Bull Ioue ſir had an amiable lowe,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers cowe,
And got a calfe in that ſame noble feate,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleate.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.

Clau. For this I owe you: here comes other reckninge.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe, and I do giue you her.
Claud. Why then ſhees mine, ſweet, let me ſee your face.
Leon. No that you ſhall not till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry hir.
Claud. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero And when I liu'd I was your other wife;
And when you loued, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero.
Hero Nothing certainer,
One Hero died defilde, but I do liue,
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maide.
Prince The former Hero, Hero that is dead.
Leon. She died my Lord, but whiles her ſlaunder liu'd.
Frier All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire Heroes death,
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is Beatrice?
Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Do not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reaſon.

about

Bene. Why then you
Have beene deceiued, they
Beat. Do not you loue
Bene. Troth no, no m
Beat. Why then my
are much deceiued, for
Bene. They ſwore tha
Beat. They ſwore tha
Bene. Ha no, not m
Beat. No truly, but
Leon. Come cosin, I
Clau. And Ile be ſwo
For here a paper writ
a halting ſonnet of h
faſhioned to Beatrice.
Hero. And here a
writ in my cosins ha
containing her affecti
Bene. A miracle, he
come, I will have thee,
Beat. I would not de
vpon great perſuasion
told you were in as con
Leon. Peace I will ſto
Prince. How dost thou
Bene. Ile tell thee
cannot ſhoot me out of
a ſatyre or an Epigram
braines, a ſhaft, weare
ſince I doe purpoſe to m
poſe that the world can
at me, for what I have
and here in my cornelia
to haue beaten thee, but
liue vnbruiſde, and lo
Clau. I had well ho
that I might haue co

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY